

Nov. 1963?

Wednesday - 23,

Dear Scott,

I can't write very much, and I have nothing to send you now, but, Scott, I just had to say something about your last etching. Scott, I can't tell you how profoundly moved I was by this picture. I still can't believe it when I look at it. I always have said, Scott, that someday if you worked hard to master your medium, you would be a good artist. Scott, you HAVE mastered it and what's more, you are going to be a great artist at the rate you are going. It would take hours to explain to you what I feel in this etching, and even then words would be inadequate. Your picture titillates those subjective senses in such a way that the beholder can not speak; he can only behold and feel what is in that picture. And he must look again and again and again to watch his visual-emotional experience grow and richen.

Scott, to be perfectly honest with you I would not have thought that you were already so capable of conveying such feeling, as you have in these last two works. Scott, I have kept my promise in doing my utmost best in securing the best of subjects. I have done well. I will do better. But, Scott, already in your first 3 etchings you have kept your promise of doing great etchings - a promise that I knew that you would succeed in but not to this degree!!!! You have succeeded beyond my wildest dreams which already, sadly & fear

separates you from me. You have always been better at art than I have been. But still my ideas were good and my imagination (the way I pictured my ideas was even better). But, Scott, what separates you from me now is that your material accomplishment embodies even more emotion than what I had imagined in my brain. You've got it with those sketches brother. No one can take that away from you. You have translated a mere photograph into a living thing of intense feeling. (Both these sketches have it.) (The first sketch I don't understand.)

You really don't need those photographs at all, but I know they do help you. Someday you will forsake them entirely, I guess (though I think it might be a mistake to do so entirely.) Still photos can not speak to the viewer like an sketching. They just can't.

Jim told me quite frankly (and I'm not Bullshitting!) that he almost cried when he saw both of those sketches, especially the Furdan House. He was dead serious. I could tell he was profoundly moved by both sketches.

Scott, I was rather tickled when you said that you hoped you had something to do with my good quality photos. You know as well as I do that camera-wise you and I are the same. You have taught me all I know about Composition, that coupled with my intuitive sense and my brashness at actually going up to my subject and snapping its picture. The trouble with your brother is that you are just chicken to getting to your subjects. I'm just stupid enough to do it. Hence I got the better pictures, ~~that~~ it is not a matter of brains, but luck of them. Scott, I still remain very and utterly profoundly impressed.

P.S. Hope you received my lost batch of pictures. I sent them a week ago!! — They are of the old negroes sitting on the front porch.